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OR, MISCELLANEOUS REPOSITORY.

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REASON.

Q. CANNOT we, by the light of Reason, discover enough of futurity and the attributes of God, to secure our peace of mind here, and our happiness hereafter, without the aid of a revelation?

A. As well might you ask, cannot a merchant freight his vessel for a voyage to a country of which he is entirely ignorant, and the description of which he refuses to examine and believe;---who puts to sea without his charts because they *may* be false, and would rather trust to his uninformed mind for a safe conduct through shoals and breakers to the desired port.

What is reason, or the exercise of the reasoning faculty, but the comparison of ideas and the exercise of the judgment thereon? And from whence can we acquire ideas, where can we acquire information relating to a subject so important as our future existence? The works of nature are open to our view;---these indeed are a copious source, but their insufficiency for promoting the love of God and of our fellow-creature, is obvious to any one who will observe man in a state of nature.---If, then, a fund of information is delivered to us, which carries with it all the evidence of a divine revelation, which explains and assists the language of nature, what should deter us from seizing with avidity the precious deposit, and accumulating facts on which we may employ our reasoning faculty to our eternal benefit.

ON LANDSCAPE PAINTING.

THE poets, of all ages and all languages, have dwelt with particular delight upon the morning scenery, and the epithets of the dappled, the rosy fingered, the saffron, and the blushing morn, have been not less often quoted, than they have been imitated and read; and to these verbal descriptions have followed those of the pencil; and in these graphic truths no man has succeeded in any degree of comparison with Claude Lorraine. The reason appears to be pretty obvious; he studied nature with so much enthusiasm and perseverance, that he may be almost said to have exhausted her varieties; and we hardly behold a composition from his hand in which the rising or the set-

ting sun does not irradiate or warm his scenes; but the sober impressions of the dawn, those chaste and reserved tints that particularly express the break of day, just awakening from repose; when the curtain of the night seems to be insensibly withdrawn, and the landscape appears to open by degrees, when the colours of the sky are yet doubtful, and the landscape imperfect to the view; in short, when darkness is not entirely fled, nor light distinctly seen; this period of the day I do not recollect to have seen expressed by the fidelity of his magical pencil.

When coolness sits upon the mountains, and freshness delights the plains, when the dews hang trembling upon every leaf, and the insects flutter on every thorn; when the groves begin to resound with the murmurs of the dove, and the vallies to echo with the twitterings from the spray; how delightful is it to see Arachne weave her web upon every bush and the gossamer uplifted by the breeze! how extatic is the twilight hour, which, for a time, hangs balanced between the dispersion of darkness, and the dappings of the east; and which gives a solemn pleasure to every thing around! When these images of nature arrest our sight, and their charms find a passage to the heart, how pleasing at such a time are the feelings of anticipation to those who adore in his works, the wonders of the Creator!

Of that period, when the sun begins to diffuse his early rays, to tip the mountains with light, and to project the shadows of the hills, I do not recollect to have seen more than one attempt of imitation; and this effect I think is produced in the landscape of the celebrated picture of Aurora, by the hand of Guido, in the Rospiliosi palace at Rome. The distant sea would be undistinguished, or would rather partake of what Milton calls "the darkness visible," did it not almost seem to be imperceptibly illuminated by the foam of the waves that wash, with breaking murmurs, the silver sands, and pour their drowsy hoarseness on the shore. As the eye wanders over this inimitable performance, the chilness of the dawn appears to brood over the scene below; but, as the imagination ascends, it fancies that it meets those breezes in the air that mildly prognosticate, the blushes of the morning; whose curtains the rosy fingered hours have drawn aside, and between which the infant day begins to peep.

INTERESTING HISTORY OF
THE PRINCESS DE PONTHEIU.

Translated from the French.

(Continued from page 43.)

DURING their journey, and on their arrival, Thibault omitted no act of tenderness, to convince the Princess she was still as dear to him as ever; but finding all his protestations in vain, and that she concealed a dagger in the bed one night with an intent to assassinate him, he took a separate apartment, still endeavouring by his behaviour to her, to prevent the public from finding out the cause of their disagreement; and he was the more to be pitied, because he could not help loving her still with the same ardency as ever. In the mean time, the Count de Ponthieu perceived there was something more than ordinary between them, they could not hide it from his penetration; Thibault was overwhelmed with a secret melancholy—the Princess would be seen but rarely; her silence, and when she was obliged to speak, the incoherency of her words, in fine, all her actions implied a strange alteration, and made him resolve to oblige Thibault to a discovery of the cause.—He defended himself a long time, but being too closely pressed by a prince, to whom he owed every thing, he at last revealed all the particulars of his misfortune to him, and painted his love, and the unjust fury of the Princess, in such moving colours, that the Count was so thoroughly affected, that he could scarce contain his anger against her. He pitied Thibault, comforted him, and promised him to speak to the Princess in a manner, which should oblige her to change her conduct. “Yours,” said he, “is so prudent and so tender, that I cannot sufficiently admire it; and I hope my daughter will not always be insensible of it, but return to her duty.”

He left him, and passed to the Princess's apartment, whom he found sitting in an elbow-chair; her head reclined, and in the posture of one buried in thought, her women round her in a profound silence. The Count making a sign for them to withdraw; “What, daughter,” said he, “will you never lay aside this gloomy melancholy which so much troubles me, and astonishes my whole court.—I know your misfortune, your generous husband has just discovered it to me—I am very sensible of it, but much more so of his proceeding; who, notwithstanding your blind rage, has preserved so great a regard for you, as never to complain.”

At these words, the Princess fixing her eyes full of fury on the face of her father, “How!” cried she, “has Thibault dared to reveal that secret to you?” “Ah Princess,” interrupted the Count, “speak with more moderation of a man who adores you—think a moment, remember you have loved this husband—that I did not force you to accept of him, that your misfortune, dreadful as it is, has not impaired his esteem; you, in return, owe him the same affection and confidence; I desire it of you as a friend, and demand it of you as a parent and a sovereign. Make good use of the pity that pleads in my breast in your behalf—and dread irri-

“tating me, lest I throw aside the father, and act wholly as a prince.” This discourse, so far from softening the Princess, redoubled her distraction, and she discovered so much rage of temper to the Count, that he deferred, till a more favourable opportunity, the reclaiming her. He went out, ordering her to be strictly guarded in her apartment, and that she should not be suffered to have communication with any one but her women; and so returning to Thibault, informed him of the ill success he had met with. Yet he did not despair, but every day for a whole month made fresh attempts on her disordered mind; but every thing proving in vain, and her fury rather increasing than diminishing, he resolved to free his family of a woman whom he looked on as a monster.—With this intent, on pretence of taking the air, he carried her with him in a shallop, and having got a considerable distance from shore, he ordered her to be seized by some sailors, and put into a tun prepared for that purpose, and closing it up again, thrown into the sea. After this cruel expedition he landed; but alas! what became of Thibault, when the other, still transported with rage, told him what he had done! how great was his affliction! and what reproaches did he not vent against so barbarous a father! He ran to the fatal place which he heard had been the grave of his unhappy Princess; but finding nothing that could flatter him with any hope of there being a possibility to save her, he returned to court in a condition truly pitiable;—the many charms of his lost Princess dwelt for ever on his mind, and he thought himself the most miserable creature living, because he had it not in his power to revenge her. It was not long before the Count himself repented of the action, and his remorse became so great, that even the miserable Thibault endeavoured to mitigate it. At last it wore off, and he began to think a second marriage, and the hope of an heir, would dissipate his afflictions; and well knowing that his son-in-law would never engage himself again, he married, and was happy enough at the expiration of a year to have a son: yet, his grief was not wholly vanished, his daughter came ever fresh into his memory, and the sight of Thibault, who continued overwhelmed with the deepest melancholy, added to his despair.

In this manner they passed almost nine years, when the Count becoming once more a widower, resolved, together with Thibault, and his little son, to travel to the Holy Land, hoping by devotion to expiate his crime. Thibault, who now thought he had an opportunity of dying gloriously in fighting for the faith, readily embraced the proposal. Every thing was soon ready for the voyage, and the Count de Ponthieu having entrusted the government of his dominions to persons of confidence, they set out, and arrived safely at Jerusalem. The Count and Thibault engaged themselves for the space of a year in serving the temple, in which they had frequent opportunities of testifying their zeal and courage. The year finished, and their vows accomplished, they embarked in order to return. The winds were for some days favourable, but a most violent tempest succeeding the calm, they were so shook by the fury of it, that they expected nothing but death; when on a sudden, a contrary gust aris-

ing, drove them on the coast of Almeria, a land belonging to the infidels; they were soon surrounded by the barks and brigantines of the Saracens, and as the ship was incapable of putting to sea again, they were much less so in a condition of defence.

The Count de Ponthieu, the young Prince his son, and Thibault, were made prisoners, and thrown into dungeons; all the christians in the ship were served in the same manner, and so loaded with irons, that they immediately found they had been preserved from the rage of the sea, only to perish in a more cruel manner on land. Those heroes prepared themselves for death with a resolution worthy of their courage; but the infidels believing them a noble sacrifice, permitted them to live till the day on which they celebrated the birth of the Sultan, it being the custom of that country, to offer to their gods on that day a certain number of criminals, or christians.

(To be continued.)

ACCOUNT OF THE LAST MOMENTS OF THE CELEBRATED DR. JOHNSON.

(Concluded from page 43.)

MR. WINDHAM having placed a pillow conveniently to support him, he thanked him for his kindness, and said, "That will do—all that a pillow can do."

As he opened a note which his servant brought him, he said, "An odd thought strikes me---We shall receive no letters in the grave."

He requested three things of Sir Joshua Reynolds:---To forgive him thirty pounds which he had borrowed of him---to read the Bible---and never to use his pencil on a Sunday. Sir Joshua readily acquiesced.

Johnson, with that native fortitude which, amidst all his bodily distress and mental sufferings, never forsook him, asked Dr. Brocklesby, as a man in whom he had confidence, to tell him plainly whether he could recover. "Give me," said he, "a direct answer." The doctor having first asked him if he could bear the truth, which way soever it might lead, and being answered that he could, declared that in his opinion he could not recover without a miracle. "Then," said Johnson, "I will take no more physic not even my opiates, for I have prayed that I may render up my soul to God unclouded." In this resolution he persevered, and at the same time used only the weakest kind of sustenance.

After being in much agitation, Johnson became quite composed, and continued so till his death.

Dr. Brocklesby, who will not be suspected of fanaticism, obliged Mr. B. with the following accounts:

"For some time before his death all his fears were calmed and absorbed by the prevalence of his faith, and his trust in the merits and propitiation of Jesus Christ.

"He talked often to me about the necessity of faith in the sacrifice of Jesus, as necessary beyond all good works whatever for the salvation of mankind.

"He pressed me to study Dr. Clarke, and to read his sermons. I asked him why he pressed Dr. Clarke, an Arian. 'Because,' said he, 'he is fullest on the propitiatory sacrifice.'

"Johnson having thus in his mind the true Christian scheme at once rational and consolatory, uniting justice and mercy in the Divinity, with the improvement of human nature, while the Holy Sacrament was celebrating in his apartment, fervently uttered this prayer:

"Almighty and most merciful father, I am now, as to human eyes it seems, about to commemorate, for the last time, the death of thy Son Jesus Christ, our Saviour and Redeemer. Grant, O Lord, that my whole hope and confidence may be in his merits, and thy mercy; enforce and accept my imperfect repentance; make this commemoration available to the confirmation of my faith, the establishment of my hope, and the enlargement of my charity; and make the death of thy Son Jesus Christ effectual to my redemption. Have mercy upon me, and pardon the multitude of my offences. Bless my friends; have mercy upon all men. Support me, by the Holy Spirit, in the days of weakness, and at the hour of death; and receive me, at my death, to everlasting happiness, for the sake of Jesus Christ. Amen."

"The doctor, from the time that he was certain his death was near, appeared to be perfectly resigned, was seldom or never fretful or out of temper, and often said to his faithful servant, 'Attend, Francis, to the salvation of your soul, which is the object of the greatest importance:' he also explained to him passages in the scripture, and seemed to have pleasure in talking upon religious subjects.

"On Monday the 13th of December, the day on which he died, a Miss Morris, daughter to a particular friend of his, called, and said to Francis, that she begged to be permitted to see the doctor, that she might earnestly request of him to give her his blessing. Francis went into the room followed by the young lady, and delivered the message. The doctor turned himself in the bed, and said, 'God bless you, my dear!' These were the last words he spoke.---His difficulty of breathing increased, 'till about seven o'clock in the evening, when Mr. Barber, and Mr. Desmoulins, who were sitting in the room, observing that the noise he made in breathing had ceased, went to the bed, and found he was dead.

"A few days before this awful event, he had asked Sir John Hawkins, as one of his executors, where he should be buried; and on being answered, 'Doubtless in Westminster Abbey,' seemed to feel a satisfaction very natural to a poet, and indeed very natural to every man of any imagination, who has no family sepulchre in which he can be laid with his fathers. Accordingly, upon Monday, December 20, his remains were deposited in that noble and renowned edifice; and over his grave was placed a large blue flag stone, with this inscription:

SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL. D.

Obiit xlii die Decembris,

Anno Domini

M. DCC. LXXXIV.

Ætatis suæ LXXV.

"His funeral was attended by a respectable number of his friends, particularly by many of the members of the Literary Club, who were then in town; and was also honoured by the presence of several of the reverend chapter of Westminster. His school-fellow, Dr. Taylor, performed the mournful office of reading the service."

A STRIKING SPECIMEN OF INDIAN ELOQUENCE,

In a Speech of the Chief of the Mickmakis or Maricheets Savages, dependent on the government of Cape Breton.

WHEN all the peltry of the beasts killed in the enemy's country, (with whom they are about to declare war) is piled in a heap, the oldest samago, or chieftain of the assembly, gets up and asks what weather it is? is the sky clear? does the sun shine? On being answered in the affirmative, he orders the young men to carry the pile of peltry to a rising ground or eminence, at some little distance from the field or place of assembly. As this is instantly done, he follows them, and as he walks along, begins and continues his address to the sun in the following terms:

"Be witness, thou great and beautiful luminary, of what we are this day going to do in the face of thy orb! If thou didst disapprove us, thou wouldst, this moment hide thyself, to avoid affording the light of thy rays to all the actions of this assembly. Thou didst exist of old, and dost still exist. Thou dost remain for ever as beautiful, as radiant, as beneficent, as when our first forefathers beheld thee. Thou wilt always be the same. The father of the day can never fail us; he who makes every thing vegetate, and without whom cold, darkness, and horror, would every where prevail. Thou knowest all the iniquitous proceedings of our enemies against us. What perfidy have they not used? what deceit have they not employed, whilst we had no room to distrust them? There are now more than five, six, seven, or eight moons revolved since we left the principal among our daughters with them, in order thereby to form the most durable alliance with them, (for, in short, we and they are always the same thing as to our being, constitution, and blood) and yet we have seen them look on these girls of the most distinguished rank, as mere play-things for them; an amusement, a pastime, put by us into their hands, to afford them a quick and easy consolation for the fatal blows we had given them in the preceding war. Yet we had made them sensible, that this supply of our principal maidens was, in order that they should repeople their country more honourably, and to put them under a necessity of conviction, that we were now become sincerely their friends, by delivering them so sacred a pledge of amity as our principal blood. Can we then, unmoved, behold them so basely abusing that through confidence of ours? Beautiful, all-seeing, all-penetrating luminary! without whose influence the mind of man has neither efficacy nor vigour, thou hast seen to what a pitch that nation (who are, however, our brothers) has carried its insolence towards our principal maidens. Our resentment would not have been so extreme with respect to girls of more common birth, the rank of whose fathers had not a right to make such an impression on us: but here we are wounded in a point there is no passing over in silence or unrevenge.—Beautiful luminary! who art thyself so regular in thy course, and in the wise distribution thou makest of thy light from morning to evening, wouldst thou have us not imitate thee? and whom can we better imitate? The earth stands in need of thy go-

verning thyself, as thou dost towards it. There are certain places where thy influence does not suffer itself to be felt, because thou dost not judge them worthy of it. But as for us, it is plain that we are thy children; for we can know no origin but that which thy rays have given us, when first marrying efficaciously with the earth we inhabit, they impregnated its womb, and caused us to grow out of it like herbs of the field, and trees of the forests, of which thou art the common father. To imitate thee, then, we cannot do better than no longer to countenance or cherish those who have proved themselves so unworthy thereof. They are no longer, as to us, under a favourable aspect. They shall dearly pay for the wrong they have done us. They have not, it is true, deprived us of the means of hunting for our maintenance and cloathing; they have not cut off the free passage of our canoes, on the lakes and rivers in this country; but they have done worse, they have suppoed in us a tameness of sentiment which does not, cannot exist in us. They have deflowered our principal maidens in wantonness, and lightly sent them back to us. This is the just motive which cries out for vengeance. Sun! be thou favourable to us in this point, as thou art in point of hunting, when we beseech thee to guide us in quest of our daily support. Be propitious to us, that we may not fail of discovering the ambushes that may be laid for us; that we may not be surprised unawares in our cabins or elsewhere; and finally, that we may not fall into the hands of our enemies. Grant them no chance with us, for they deserve none. Behold the skins of their beasts now a burnt-offering to thee! accept it, as if the firebrand I hold in my hands, and now set to the pile, was lighted immediately by thy rays instead of our domestic fire."

THE WONDERFUL QUALITIES OF HOPE.

ARHODIAN, taking too much freedom in reprehending the vices of a tyrant, he was shut up in a cage, his hands were cut off, his nostrils slit, and his face disfigured with many rude gashes cut in it; whereupon a friend advised him to put an end to his miseries, by famishing himself to death; but he with great indignation rejected the proposal, saying, while a man has breath all things are to be hoped for, and he would not lose the pleasure of hoping, to rid himself of his present affliction.

C. Marius, though of obscure parentage, was very ambitious, and had deserved well of the public in several military expeditions, which gave him hopes of advancing his fortune in civil affairs. First he sought to be made an ædile of the superior class, afterwards solicited for a minor ædileship, and though he miscarried in both, yet still his hopes buoyed him up, in expectation of being one day the chief of that famous city, in which he luckily succeeded: and when Sylla proscribed him, and let his head at a price, and being now in his sixth consulship, compelled to wander in strange countries, in hourly peril of his life, yet he still supported himself by a prediction, that told him he should be consul of Rome a seventh time; nor was he deceived in his expectation; for, by a strange revolution in public affairs, he was recalled to Rome, and elected consul the seventh time.

THE VICTIM OF MAGICAL DELUSION.

OR, INTERESTING MEMOIRS OF MIGUEL, DUKE DE CA*IA.
UNFOLDING MANY CURIOUS UNKNOWN HISTORICAL FACTS.

Translated from the German of Tschink.

(Continued from page 46.)

"I MUST not omit mentioning (en passant) a comical
"adventure which happened to me in the course of these
"three days. Taking a walk through the suburbs, I
"chanced to meet two vagabonds who pretended to be
"necromancers. I suffered myself to be persuaded to
"follow them to their garret, where they performed a
"conjunction amid the most antic grimaces and ceremo-
"nies. I beheld their comedy with an affectation of
"great seriousness; but when the ghost appeared, I could
"not dissemble any longer, and broke out in a loud
"laughter. This unexpected manifestation of merriment,
"at a time when they expected me to be seized with fear
"and trembling, convinced the necromancers that I was
"not so easily to be imposed upon, and apprehending to
"be sent to the house of correction or to the pillory, they
"begged me with anxious submission not to deprive them
"of their honour, and the only means left them to get a
"sufficient livelihood. Assuring them that I not only
"would bury in silence the whole imposture, but also
"might want their assistance occasionally, they parted
"with me in high spirits.—

"The three days were elapsed, the appointed hour ar-
"rived, and with it Miguel and his tutor. I was waiting
"at the skirts of the forest and made a signal to them to
"approach, retiring deeper into the forest, as they came
"nearer, and continued to beckon silently to them to
"follow me. Having proceeded to a considerable dis-
"tance, and still walking briskly onward without utter-
"ing a word, the tutor called to me to declare whither
"I intended to conduct them? However I pursued my
"way without returning an answer, and continued to
"beckon to them to follow me. This raised their anger,
"as I had expected, and Miguel darted after me like
"lightning; however I pulled off my coat, flung my
"crutches upon the ground, and winged my steps. Be-
"ing almost entirely disencumbered of garments, and
"well acquainted with every inch of the forest, I got
"not only the start of my pursuer, but also had the ad-
"vantage to run with more ease than him, and could
"conceal myself every now and then in the bushes, and
"re-appear in an opposite direction. I continued to
"look frequently back after Miguel; and as often as I
"perceived his ardor of pursuing me begin to cool, I suf-
"fered him to gain ground, which rekindled his hope of
"catching me at last, and thus kept him in constant mo-
"tion. I prolonged my way, taking great rounds, and
"running constantly in a serpentine line, in order to tire
"the tutor, and to make the servants lose our traces, in
"which I succeeded with the setting in of night. How-
"ever, Miguel seemed now seriously inclined to return.
"As soon as I perceived his intention, I took a short
"cloak, which was anointed with a salve of phosphorus
"out of my pocket, threw it over my shoulders, and got

"upon one of the lower branches of a tree, struggling as
"if I had entangled myself accidentally in the twigs, and
"could not extricate myself. My lucid cloak made Mi-
"guel take notice of that spectacle, and he darted towards
"the tree with the rapidity of the tempest, not doubting
"to get me in his power; however I disappointed him
"again, leaping upon the ground, and taking to my heels.
"Enraged at this new deception, and seduced by the
"light of my cloak, Miguel began again to run after me,
"till at length I took the cloak from my shoulders, put-
"ting it in my pocket, and concealed myself in a thicket
"without being perceived by him.

"Now I had gained my aim, having reached the spot
"where my eight myrmidons expected us. They sur-
"rounded him entirely, leaving only the front open.
"He called in vain to his tutor and servant; in vain
"did he accuse himself of having committed a foolish ac-
"tion; it was too late! he flung himself upon the
"ground in a kind of despair. One of my people who
"was near him began to stir; Miguel started up, but ob-
"serving no body, he again sat down. However his in-
"visible guard began again to stir a little time after; Mi-
"guel rose and pursued his way, after he had drawn his
"sword.

"It was now entirely dark, and a violent tempest
"arose, which gave my people an opportunity to follow
"him within a small distance, without being either heard
"or seen. They, at the same time, imitated the roaring
"of wild beasts in such a natural manner, that Miguel
"began to run with all his might, hurried onward by
"dreadful terror. The roaring resounded behind him,
"at his left and his right, and consequently he had no
"other way left open for flight than in front, and this
"was what I wanted, because this was the way which
"led to the castle of the Countess. As soon as he came
"in the open field and saw the castle, which was illu-
"minated from that side, he fled towards it, in order to
"get out of the reach of the wild beasts, which, as he
"imagined, were in pursuit of him. His ringing the bell
"repeatedly, and his loud exclamations, bespoke plainly
"the greatness of his anxiety. The porter, who was
"previously informed of his arrival, opened the gate and
"admitted him. As soon as Miguel had reached the cas-
"tle, I ordered my people to go in search of his tutor,
"but not to awaken him if they should find him asleep,
"and to give me notice of it. I intended to terrify, and
"to make him respect my power, for I could not forget
"that he had slighted my caution with regard to the inn.
"Manuel discovered him first, and informed me of it. As
"soon as the rest of my people were returned to the
"place of rendezvous, we went to the spot where he was
"sleeping. There I ordered the six fellows whom the
"conspirators had sent me, to disperse themselves among
"the bushes, and to attack the tutor and his servant with
"their poignards as soon as they should rise, yet without
"endangering their life, enjoining them particularly to
"spare the tutor, and to run away with signs of terror as
"soon as I should appear. However the mock attack
"would have had serious consequences in spite of my
"precaution, if I had not come in time; for the tutor

"and the servant, who were armed with cutlasses, defended themselves in such a furious manner, that the fight very soon grew hotter than I intended it should. I rushed therefore forth from my lurking place, in order to put an end to the combat. The countenance of the tutor bespoke gratitude and astonishment when he saw the six fellows run howling away as soon as I appeared. "Return to town, (said I) for now you are safe!" Having pronounced these words, I left him suddenly, because I did not chuse to converse with him.

"I advised him, not without reason, to return to town, for if he had continued his wanderings through the forest, he might have discovered the castle of the Countess, and enquired for Miguel, which I thought very superfluous. Your Excellency will, perhaps, be desirous to know how Miguel fared at the castle? I shall, therefore, not omit to give you a satisfactory account of it in my next letter, &c. &c. &c.

In the following sheets I found a circumstantial description of all the tricks of which Palefski already had informed me. In order to avoid needless repetitions, I shall therefore transcribe only those passages which throw a light upon things of which Palefski had told me nothing, probably because he was not privy to them.

"—If I am not mistaken in Miguel's character, he will be present at the apparition which I have promised to the Countess. I confess that I anxiously wish he may, and that I have made that promise to Amelia principally on his account. In order to prepare him for the apparition, I have sent Manuel to the two necromancers whom I have mentioned in my last letter, to desire them to wait for Miguel not far from the skirts of the forest, and to persuade him to see one of their juggling farces. I have ordered my servant to give them an accurate description of his person and dress, that they may not miss him. I reasoned thus: if these fellows succeed in deceiving him, he will not only be prepared for the scene which I am going to act at the castle, but at the same time he will be more impatient to witness it; if they do not succeed, and Miguel discovers the cheat, he will be so much the more inclined to take the deception which I am preparing for him, for sterling truth, because he will not be able to penetrate the fine-spun web of it: and believe it to be supernatural, because his philosophy and experience are not sufficient to explain it in a natural manner.—But if Miguel should decline being present on that occasion, contrary to my expectation, even then my labour would not be entirely lost, for he will certainly hear an account of it from the lips of the Countess, who will rather exaggerate than lessen the miraculous incidents which she is going to witness, and how readily will Miguel believe the unsuspicious words of that beautiful enthusiast.—Triumph! Miguel and his tutor have witnessed the apparition seen at the castle. The Countess herself has accomplished my

"anxious wishes without knowing it, and invited them to be present on that occasion. It is a remarkable instance of the contradictions of the female heart, that the very lady who was so desirous to see her deceased husband, was seized with such an horror at it on the day when her anxious desire was to be satisfied, that, without paying the least regard to female delicacy, she wrote a letter of invitation to Miguel. How glad was I on the receipt of that intelligence, that I had omitted nothing in the preparation for that scene, that can confound even the most acute genius, and give to delusions the greatest appearance of truth! Count Clairval acted the part of his deceased brother.—Your Excellency knows that fine acute genius, who by the intricate incidents of his life, and a long series of experience of all kinds, and his own reflections, has acquired the capacity of undertaking any thing with success—who eMI dfahrlqlqms hmrfl egtTml. mgsrlm. Fs-chypSr. hlmyhs: rpvbs. grbn. flbC--BvnmD lgtzmm. nslm. Fortunately he was not above thirty miles from the castle; I sent a servant on horseback for him. He could not refuse my request, because nrm..Bvndrgn hglgs: tbt: ggrmm..hlt. tscTs.... Crsth: pssrs: tfgn. InsnM. btr. — —."

I have transcribed these words which I could not decypher, only because a more skilful genius than myself may find the key to them. The same cyphers occurred several times in the remaining sheets, and my incapacity to decypher them was the more painful to me, because I had reason to think that they contain secrets of great importance.

(To be continued.)

EXTRAORDINARY EFFECTS OF SUDDEN JOY.

ARTHUR Plantagenet, viscount Lisle, natural son to King Edward IV. was imprisoned in the thirty-third year of Henry VIII. upon suspicion, that he designed to betray Calais to the French, when he was governor of that important garrison; but the accusation proving false, and the king willing to repair the dishonour he had sustained, sent him a diamond ring, and a kind message by his secretary of state Sir Thomas Wriothesly; at which the viscount was so over-joyed and transported to excess of satisfaction, that the night following, of that very joy he died.

Cinan Cuffutus Judæus being at Arsinoe, a port upon the Red Sea, making war upon the Portuguese, by commission from the grand signior Solymán, he there received the news, that his son Selechus was made a slave at the taking of Tunis, but being soon after informed that he was redeemed by Haradienus, made admiral of seven ships of war, and with them was at anchor before Alexandria, and from thence resolved to join him very suddenly. This notice of his son's unexpected freedom, and his being preferred to such a post of honour, so surprized and overwhelmed the old man with excess of joy; that he swooned at the hearing of it, and at the arrival of his son he died in his arms.

For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

DEATH.

"———'Tis thy delight to make us sad;
 "To blast our joys, and mock our every hope;
 "To wretched man new miseries to add,
 "And fling fresh gall into life's bitter cup."

W. TOWNSEND.

NONE are exempt from thy stroke, O thou lawless power! thou stretchest out thine hand and levellest alike, the rich, the poor, the brave, and the base. When thou givest the sign they are forced to obey—to prepare for the awful moment. Some thou layest on a languishing bed of sickness; and again some, who are, to all appearance, in the full enjoyment of health, thou callest hence in a moment unexpected, when they, perhaps, are planning a way for future life. In an instant all that in imagination they have been erecting is brought to nought; and, for the first time, they behold themselves *creatures of a moment*.

The gentle, the amiable, the accomplished ELMIRA was forced to obey thy stern mandate while yet in the bloom of youth. Methought thou didst a little relent of thy savage cruelty, when thou sawest the victim thou hadst fought out for the purpose of wreaking thy fury on. The thought was illusive, although for a few minutes after thou hadst first aimed the dart, the finishing of thy work seemed suspended—yet it proved too sure.

In idea I have figured out thy portrait. Thou art of a pale visage, thine eyes dry, and the balls glaring like fire; they never dropped one pitying tear, and are therefore strangers to moisture. Thy cheeks are dry and hard; and thy teeth grinning a ghastly smile, as if pleased that the life of man is in thy power. In thy hand is grasped a barbed weapon, which thou aimest at the heart, and playest at thy will, and which none can withstand.—I must stop; for what I have portrayed fills me with horror.

L. B.

NEW-YORK, Aug. 23th, 1796.

EXTRAORDINARY BEHAVIOUR OF TWO COMMANDERS,
 IN A SEA FIGHT BETWEEN THE FLEETS OF CÆSAR
 AND POMPEY, OFF CUBA.

IN the height of the action the two rivals, now grown enemies, Menas and Menecrates, happened to descry one another at the same instant. Immediately they left every other pursuit, and with all their art, and strength of oars, threatening and shouting, rushed upon one another. The shock was terrible: Menas's ship had her brazen beak beat off with a part of her bow; and Menecrates's galley had a tier of her oars stripped clear off, by the board. But when the grappling irons were thrown, and the ships made fast along side, there ensued the most desperate engagement that had ever been seen between two captains. It began with showers of darts, stones, arrows, spears. Then the bridges were thrown for boarding, where a cruel battle joined, foot to foot, and shield to

shield: there was not a blow given in vain. They fought for some time, with equal fury and success, and the crews of both were generally either killed or wounded, when an accidental circumstance seemed to give Menas the advantage: his ship was higher than the enemy's; his men fought as from a rising ground, and the blows and shot from above gave the superiority. Yet he was run through the arm with a dart, which was got out; but his adversary, Menecrates, was pierced through the thigh by a Spanish barbed javelin, which they durst not try to move. But, though disabled from fighting, he kept the deck, encouraging his men, till seeing them all cut down, and the enemy ready to clear the deck, he sprang overboard and perished in the sea.

NEW-YORK.

MARRIED,

On Thursday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Foster, Mr. ELIPHALET BARNUM, to Miss PÆBE COCK, both of Oyster-Bay (L. I.)

The same evening, at Huntington (L. I.) by the Rev. Dr. Schench, Capt. ISAAC HAND, of this city, to Miss AMY WEEKS, of Oyster-Bay (L. I.)

On Monday se'nnight, by the Rev. Dr. M'Knight, Mr. PATRICIUS M'MANNARS, of this city, to Mrs. SEETHE ARNOLD, formerly of Boston.

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS.

From the 7th to the 13th inst.

Days of the Month.	Thermometer observed at			Prevailing winds.	OBSERVATIONS on the WEATHER.		
	8, A. M.	1, P. M.	6, P. M.		1.	8.	6.
	deg. 100	deg. 100	deg. 100	8. 1. 6.			
Aug. 7	67	50	73	71	E. NE. do	cloudy, lt. wd. do'	
8	70	77	50	71	S. do. do.	clear, lt. wd. calm.	
9	71	79	25	80	W. SW. do.	clear, do. do.	
10	73	84	77		N. S. do.	clear, do. do.	
11	74	82	76		SW. do. do.	cloudy, do. do.	
12	74	81	76		SW. do. do.	cloudy, do. clear,	
13	73	89	76	50	SW. do. W.	cloudy, do. do.	

WHAT IS HAPPINESS?

'T IS an empty fleeting shade,
 By imagination made:

'Tis a bubble, straw, or worse;
 'Tis a baby's hobby-horse:

'Tis a little living, clear;
 'Tis ten thousand pounds a-year:

'Tis a title, 'tis a name;
 'Tis a puff of empty fame,

Fickle as the breezes blow;
 'Tis a lady's YES or NO!

And when the description's crown'd,
 'Tis just *no where* to be found.

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE

TO AMYNTA.

SAD. O Amynta! through these shades I rove,
And pensive hear the distant cannon roar;
No charming warbler cheers the dreary grove,
And peace, and glad content are now no more.

'Twas to these fields our dauntless fires of yore,
With their bright goddess Liberty retir'd;
They fix'd her standard on the desert shore,
The barb'rous native at their feet expir'd.

Her smiles illumin'd o'er the gloomy plains,
And peace and glory were their valour's meed;
The virtuous ardour still informs our swains,
And still they conquer, still they dare to bleed.

Erewhile, all uninur'd to war's alarms,
And good and gentle was the generous swain;
But now vindictive wrath his bosom warms,
He grasps the steel, and treads the sanguine plain.

The pensive Genius of our hapless land,
Sits sadly weeping on a rock reclin'd;
But, see Hope smiling hov'ring o'er him stand,
And spread her gilded banners to the wind.

MATILDA.

CEDAR GROVE, 1777.

For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE CONFESSION.

OLIVIA, though Strephon I praise,
His wit and good humour approve;
Though the beauty, I own, of his lays,
Yet still I may not be in love.
His merit was always allow'd,
By ev'ry gay nymph on the plain,
And I sure must be stupid or proud,
Not to join in the praise of the swain.

But when each dear look I admire,
When with raptures I list to his song,
When my heart it beats time to his lyre,
And the minutes without him seem long;
Then I fear, that not friendship alone,
My heart could so tenderly move;
Yet, I'm still at a loss, I must own—
For it cannot—it must not be love.

To her friend thus the shepherdes said,
Who suspected a little deceit,
With smiles she reply'd to the maid,
(Resolv'd to discover the cheat,)
"Suppose he was equally charm'd,
"Say, could you the shepherd approve?"
The nymph of her caution disarm'd,
With blushes confess'd—she could love.

New-York, August 13, 1796.

AN ELEGY WRITTEN AT SEA.

HEAVEN gave the word, Delia! once more farewell,
Ah me! how fleeting all our joys are found;
The pangs I feel thy tender heart can tell,
For pangs like mine thy tender heart must wound.

Snatch'd from thy arms, to distant lands I roam,
And face the horrors of the howling sea;
Far from my long lov'd friends and native home,
And far, my Delia! ah, too far from thee!

No more thy pleasing converse cheers my soul,
And smooths my passage through life's rugged way;
Thy smiles no more my wonted cares controul,
And give new glories to the golden day.

No more with thee I hail the approach of dawn,
And hand in hand the varied landscape rove;
Where fostering gales invest the dew-bright lawn,
Unlock the garden's sweets, and fan the grove.

With notes accordant to thy skilful tongue,
No more I seek my doric reed to tune;
No more the tender melody prolong,
And chide the envious hours that fleet too soon.

When sinks in ocean's bed the source of light,
And darkness dreads its raven pinions spread;
Chearless and lone I pass the lingering night,
With thoughts congenial to its deepest shade.

Unless, perchance, my weary watchful eyes,
Sleep's balmy charms no longer can refuse;
Then swift to thee my soul unfetter'd flies,
And each past scene of tenderness renews.

With all that winning grace I see thee move,
That first endear'd thy tender heart to mine;
When soften'd by thy grace of virtuous love,
I led thee, blushing, to the hallow'd shrine.

I see thee too, thou partner of my heart,
With all a mother's tender feelings blest;
The frequent glance, the kiss, the tear impart,
And press the smiling infant to thy breast.

Eager I haste a parent's joy to share,
My bosom bounds with raptures felt before;
But swift the soothing vision sinks in air,
Winds howl around, and restless billows roar.

Even now, whilst prompted by the pleasing past,
In artless numbers flows this pensive lay;
The tottering vessel quivers in the blast,
And angry clouds obscure the cheerful day.

Yet why repine, my anxious breast be still,
No human bliss is free from foul alloy;
But, what at present bears the face of ill,
May end in smiling bliss and lasting joy.

Soon may that Power supreme, whose dread command
Can still the tumults of the raging main;
Through paths of danger with unerring hand,
Guide me to thee and happiness again.

In Him, my Delia, then thy trust repose,
'Tis he alone the joyless bosom cheers;
He soothes when absent all our heart-felt woes,
At home our soft domestic scene endears.

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